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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Cologne Cathedral. No. II.

Bonn, Oct. 12, 1854.

My Dear Dwight:—Out of Rome and Paris I do not believe anything more striking to an American can be found than the interior of the Cologne Cathedral upon a Sunday or Church festival, a few minutes before the beginning of High Mass. Though no longer novel to me, I was perhaps never more impressed than last Sunday. I dare not estimate the number of the multitude already assembled as I and my companion entered. A few devotees knelt before shrines of saints, and a pair of beades, brilliant

in scarlet and gilding, were strutting about keeping order; but the great mass were listlessly waiting, talking with each other, or walking about admiring the pictures in the windows, the fine marble figures of archbishops and knights, lying each in his separate chapel, the altar-pieces and the shrines of saintly relics. The buzz of countless tongues, the shuffle of unnumbered feet, all the mingled sounds and noises of a multitude rose and swelled through the vast space like the winds in the forest or the roar of many waters, and above all, clearly and distinctly, the chant of a body of priests with responses from a choir of boys—the strong, firm, manly tones, "of the earth earthy," of the one, finely contrasted with the clear angel-like voices of the other—resounded from the stalls of oak, which stand on either side, within the choir, and penetrated to the most distant corner.

The influence of my Puritan education, in a country, too, where no one decent specimen of Gothic Art exists—unless we count the bald, cold style of the late Elizabethan era as affording such—is still so strong upon me, that the strong excitement of feeling produced by the marvelous art of the architect is, on such an occasion as the present was, unpleasantly dashed by the empty ceremonials of the priests, and the proofs, as it seems to me, of the childish superstition of the people. Until the great bell rang for High Mass, we walked about from chapel to chapel. Here is a large wax doll, and all about it hang offerings—sixpenny tinsel ornaments purchased at the toy-shops—imitations in wax of some diseased limb or distorted feature, put to rights again by the influence of the doll aforesaid, and so forth. There lies cut in stone, with his hands meekly folded, a high dignitary of His church, who was lowly in heart and the Prince of Peace—an archbishop, who is remembered as a man of war and a leader of armies; in another chapel lies one, whose sarcophagus is surrounded with miniature battlements, because he enclosed the city in huge walls; and here in this central chapel, across the aisle, immediately behind the grand altar, is the shrine—enclosed in stout oak, strengthened with enormous bands and bolts and bars and locks of iron—of the Three Kings of Cologne. Within the shrine, bearing each its crown blazing with real or fictitious jewels—a world of wealth, if real—you see three old, time-blackened skulls, and are gravely assured that the original owners of these decaying bones were

kings, who came from the East in the days of—and in spite of—Herod, to worship at the manger in Bethlehem. A fig for the skulls, but look down: beneath that flagstone lies the dust of the heart of Mary di Medicis!

But the great bells are ringing. The priests are preparing to go in procession from shrine to shrine. The singers are collecting in the gallery yonder in front of the organ. We will take our places by this iron grating which extends from pillar to pillar, and divides the space around the altar from the aisle. From this point we shall command a direct view of the singing choir and see nothing of the mummery at the altar. But here comes the beadle—Paul Fleming's Turkey-cock—heading the procession. The priests, chanting a psalm in monotonous tones, march slowly along, dressed in gorgeous robes, one waving a burping censer, another sprinkling holy water, and others still bearing the elements of the sacrament. They all look well fed and fat—which is pleasant to see; it shows they have reason to dwell gladly in the house of the Lord—and as they pass the shrine of the three skulls—their Golgotha—they all do obeisance: one raises his cap, turns towards the shrine and bows low and reverently; another half turns and scarcely moves his cap; and a third gives them a nod amazingly expressive of that "familiarity," which "breeds contempt."

The priests have returned to their places; those who are to officiate at the altar have entered, the bells cease, the roar is hushed, the service begins: *Kyrie Eleison* streams forth from the gallery yonder; I am sobered in an instant; a feeling of solemnity and almost of awe, subdues me, and tears gush into my eyes. All the thoughts and feelings which a few minutes before were aroused by so much that seemed ludicrous or disgusting, are banished; and I stand there a living monument of the power which the Church, by its patronage of Art, High Art, has acquired over the fancy, nay, over the deepest springs of emotion. I look up, the very sense aches with the fullness of beauty; I listen, yonder choir is pleading for God's pity, and I must plead with them. Now bursts forth the *Gloria in Excelsis*. How grandly this accords with the sublime conception of that architect, in whose ascription of praise, wrought in enduring stone, we stand. The Mass performed here with a full orchestra, and a choir of perhaps forty singers, is said to be the best in Europe. I cannot judge; it was good enough.

The composer of the Mass I did not learn; it had some familiar passages, and may be one of Haydn's or Mozart's, though on the whole I judge not. It was beautiful and effective as a composition, and rendered doubly so by the manner in which it was performed. For some time past it has been my fate to hear no sopranos but those third rate singers, who endeavor to conceal their incapacity to utter a full, clear tone, by a constant tremolo, like a whistle with a pea in it. This as an ornament, or rather as expressive of deep emotion, is at times very effective; constantly heard however it becomes unbearable. In the present Mass there were two soprano solos. Who the singer was I do not know. She was the second upon the conductor's right, and I seem now to see her as she stood there bonnetless, her dark hair simply parted upon her forehead, and her calm pale face lighted as with a gentle inspiration. The clear—not shrill—tones of a most delicious yet powerful voice, seemed uttered entirely without effort, and swelled with the most perfect of all crescendos, in a smooth, even stream, until the entire choir was filled with the melody. She was such a singer as Hoffmann loved so to describe. Her song owed its power to its simplicity. There was something truly majestic in the manner in which the long drawn notes were uttered, free from all the tricks of the school; and when a shake or a turn was introduced it was done as if she could only thus give utterance to the religious emotion with which she was filled. What unbounded power has such a voice, so used! God bless her!

It is in these great Cathedrals that one learns to enjoy and love the Gothic grandeur of the fugue, in which part after part takes up the theme, and voices and instruments, all by degrees swell into full chorus, and the tide of sound seems to roll away in great waves, which pursue each other down the long aisles and are lost in the distance.

And so for an hour we listened, and though the silence was by no means perfect, many strangers walking about and idly gazing at the various works of Art, and many devout persons coming in and going out, still a marked solemnity pervaded the multitude. But, *Dona nobis pacem*, the priests retire, the singers disperse, and the Dom is again filled by that subdued and mysterious roar.

This is one picture—if I have succeeded at all in painting—and “the pride, pomp and circumstance” of the Sunday morning service is truly something not to be missed; and yet when I think of the Cathedral, memory rather recalls the impression made by a visit under very different circumstances. It is five years this very month since I passed through Cologne on my way East. It was a lovely, warm afternoon, and having a few hours to spare, I went up to the Cathedral to pay it a parting visit. I had walked round and round it again, had smiled once more at my favorite among “those gurgles, those wild faces, those images of beasts and men carved upon the spouts and gutters,” through which flows out the gathered rain, a hideous rim of stone, grinning horribly at a huge ape upon the opposite corner, and in fact had gone once more through the list of things to be seen.

It was still early and I went and sat down upon one of the few seats which at that time were provided for worshippers, with a singular feeling of

regret and sorrow at the thought that I might never more be there. It takes a great many people to remove the idea of quiet and solitude from this great space, and though groups of strangers were wandering about, they did not seem to disturb the silence. Yonder by the doors a few old, decrepit women lingered, begging of the passers-by. Near me sat an old man with his eyes fixed upon an image of the Virgin and whispering prayers. Occasionally a workman passed, and once or twice I saw a man pass along the temporary gallery suspended away up under the roof. The sound of tools upon the outside hardly penetrated into the interior. The very spirit of quietness was there.

It is not often that I have actually had in such places those feelings which we all anticipate, should we ever visit scenes of which we have read and dreamed all our lives. There is too much of to-day mingled with all about us. So here, the men and women strolling about, the noise of closing doors, the sound of workmen, and shuffling of feet, belonged to now, and though they made of themselves no lasting impression, still they to some extent hindered the current of thought and feeling which belonged to the place. But as the things of the hour find no place in our anticipations, so they fade away from memory, and we look back with the same feelings with which we had looked forward. Thus it may be that I was not so completely under the power of the spirit of the place, as I had anticipated, or as I think I remember to have been, but at all events I spent an hour there such as I had long dreamed of and in which I was not disappointed. I wonder if Europeans, living always among monuments of the past, can have the feelings with which we, Americans, visit such places as this? My thoughts were carried back involuntarily into the past, away back three centuries beyond the days of our pilgrim fathers, far beyond the era of Columbus, to that generation which planned this noble edifice but left its completion to its far, far-off descendants. This part of the work had long lain desolate and generations of devout Catholics had mourned over this waste place, as the sons of Jacob once wept over the ruins of their holy city. But the noble choir yonder had stood all these long centuries, perfect in its exquisite beauty, the resort of the devout, and never in all these ages—save for a short period during the French rule, almost in our own day—has a Sabbath passed, during which within its walls the priest has not chaunted the service, the incense risen before the altar, the wine and wafer been elevated in the presence of the kneeling multitude, wind and storm singing their anthem without, or the sunbeams streaming through the lofty windows and as it were dissolving and falling in faint rainbow hues upon altar and shrine, on statue and tomb and priest and people below! How many emperors and kings in all the regal pomp of past ages, what lines of brass and steel-clad knights, what trains of high-born dames and noble virgins have stood or knelt yonder, adding all the splendor of their feudal array to the imposing ceremonies of the Romish ritual, while the huge and delicious toned bells, which still hang in the great unfinished tower sent their deep-voiced harmonies down far and wide, over and through the gray old town!

More than five hundred years have passed away since that choir was consecrated. During this long lapse of years, who can number the

trains of toil-worn and travel-stained pilgrims who have come up, as they come up to-day, to worship, and do homage to the supposed relics of holy men here preserved; or form a conception of the multitudes who have come to do homage rather to the genius of him who planned all yet left his name unknown? Wherever the old German race has taken root, thence have come pilgrims of both classes; and here was I, a remote descendent of the old stock, from a far-off land still unknown when this structure had already begun to be venerable, treading in their footsteps, with no great reverence indeed for the bones and other relics, but doing homage with the best to the glorious work of Art. There was, and still is, something in the stern, simple, unornamented grandeur of this unfinished part of the cathedral, peculiarly pleasant to me in contrast to the magnificence of the choir. The effect seems more appropriate to the character of the ancient race, with whom this style of architecture had its origin and came to perfection—more evidently the product of that bold, manly spirit in Art, which disdains gaud and tinsel, which in this edifice reached its culminating point in architecture, as in painting it did in the works of Reubens, and in music in the creations of Beethoven.

However, I do not envy Europe the possession of her cathedrals so long as we remain free from her history—and if the ignorance and superstition of the masses be necessary for such an intellectual development of the few, as will give such Art, God grant that we still continue to worship in our Yankee meeting houses!

A greater contrast can hardly be imagined than high mass in this cathedral, and divine worship as conducted by a poor Protestant missionary in the wild woods of our great West, in the presence of a little band of whites and Indians. I have been present at both, and at such an interval of time as enabled me to feel fully the force of the contrast, and though so wrought upon for the time being by music of the mass, still the final impression left is that—“The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands,” but rather is in the midst, where two or three are gathered together in His name.

A. W. T.

(From Stendhal's *Life of Rossini*.)

The Impresario and his Theatre.

(Concluded from last week.)

We have left Rossini having his opera rehearsed on a bad piano in the *ridotto* of some small theatre, in a town of the third class, such, for instance, as Pavia or Issola. Though the little room may be the sanctuary of musical genius and a modest enthusiasm for art, devoid of the least idea of *bragadocio*, the greatest pretension and the most grotesque disputes of the most incredible and naïf egotism surround the wretched piano, which sometimes perishes and is broken by dint of hard blows, the persons engaged ending by throwing the pieces at each other's heads. I would advise every person travelling through Italy, if he has any feeling for art, to convince himself by personal experience of a scene of this description. The private proceedings of the operatic company furnish matter for the conversation of the whole city, which looks for pleasure or *ennui*, during the most brilliant months of the year, to the success or failure of the new opera. A small town, in this state of intoxication, forgets the existence of the rest of the world; it is during this period of incertitude that the *impresario* plays an admirable part as far as his *amour propre* is concerned, and is literally the first man of the place. I have known miserly bankers who did not regret purchasing this flattering character with the loss of

fifteen hundred louis d'or. The poet Sografi has written a charming one-act piece on the adventures and pretensions of an operatic company. It contains the part of a German tenor, who does not understand a word of Italian, and which is enough to make you die with laughter. It is worthy of Regnard or Shakspeare; the truth is so *outrée*, and Italian singers, intoxicated as they are by the accents of passionate music and disputing about the various interests of their respective reputations, are so ludicrous, that the great task for the poet was to diminish, to weaken, by at least three-fourths, and reduce within the limits of probability, truth and nature, instead of caricaturing them. The truest truth would have resembled a caricature devoid of all probability.

Marchesi (a famous soprano at Milan) would never sing, during the latter years of his theatrical career, unless, at the commencement of the opera, he entered on horseback or was perceived on the top of a hill; under all circumstances, the plume of white feathers floating above his helmet was always, at least, six feet long.

Even at the present day, Crivelli refuses to sing his first air, if he does not find in it the words *felice ignora*, on which he has a facility of making roudades.

But to return to the Italian town, which we have left in the state of anxiety, and, we may say, agitation, preceding the day of the first representation of its opera.

The decisive evening at length arrives. The *maestro* takes his place at the piano; the house is as full as possible. All the people come from a distance of twenty miles round. The curious amateurs encamp their carriages in the middle of the streets: the inns are all crammed the evening before, and the insolence of the persons connected with them is something uncommon. All business has ceased. At the time fixed for the representation, the town resembles a desert. All the passions, all the doubts, and all the life of an entire population are centred in the theatre.

The overture begins; you might hear a fly buzz. It finishes, and a most terrible uproar breaks out. The overture is either extolled to the clouds, or booed and hissed without pity. You do not see, as at Paris, an assemblage of individuals, each with his peculiar species of vanity interrogating that of his neighbor, but a number of demoniacs, endeavoring by shouts, stamping, and knocking their sticks against the back of their seats, to ensure the triumph of their mode of thinking, and, above all, wishing to prove it the only right one, for there is no one in the whole world so intolerant as your sensitive man. Immediately you meet, in the matters of Art, with a moderate and reasonable man, speak to him quickly about political economy and history; he may be a distinguished magistrate, a good surgeon, a good husband, an excellent academician, or, in fact, anything you like, except a man formed to appreciate music and painting.

After the most profound silence, the frightful uproar recommences with each air of the new opera; the roaring of a tempest-tost sea would convey but an inexact idea of it.

You hear the singer and the composer judged separately. People vociferate: *Bravo, Davide*; *bravo, Pisoni*; or the whole theatre re-echoes with *Bravo, maestro*! Rossini rises from his place at the piano, his handsome face assuming an expression of gravity, an unusual thing with him. He bows three times, is overwhelmed with applause, and deafened with strange cries. The audience halloo out whole sentences of praise.—They then proceed to the next *morceau*.

Rossini appears at the piano for the first three representations of his new opera, after which he receives his seventy sequins (£32), attends a grand farewell dinner given him by his new friends, that is to say, by the entire town, and takes his departure in a *vettura* with a portman-teau, much fuller of music paper than clothes, to play the same part at a neighboring town, forty miles off. Generally he writes to his mother after the first representation, and transmits, for her and his old father, two-thirds of the sum he has received. He sets out with eight or ten sequins only, but the gayest of men, and, on the road, if

fate is kind enough to throw a fool in his way, never fails to mystify him. On one occasion, as he was proceeding in a *vettura* from Ancona to Reggio, he represented himself as a music-master, who was a mortal enemy of Rossini, and passed on his journey making people sing execrable music, which he composed at an instant's notice, on the well-known words of his most celebrated airs, at the same time ridiculing the said music as that of the pretended *chefs-d'œuvre* of the animal called Rossini, whom people of bad taste were stupid enough to extol to the clouds. There is no fatuity on his part in thus leading the conversation to music. In Italy it is the most general subject of discourse, and after an observation on Napoleon, that to which people always revert.

Miss Louisa Pyne.

This charming young vocalist, who exhibited a taste for music at a very early age, actually sang at a public concert before Queen Victoria ere she was ten years old. She had been only five years before the world as a dramatic singer—appearing at Boulogne, in 1849, as Amina in "Sonnambula." The report of her success reached Mr. Maddox, then manager of the Princess' theatre, in London, and much in want of a prima donna. He immediately made a very great offer to the lady, which on account of her youth, she desired to decline. But the manager prevailed, and Miss Pyne made a hit at once, which raised the drooping fortunes of the theatre. She subsequently performed at the Haymarket, (where, in "A Queen for a Day," and other pieces, she drew good houses during the Exhibition of 1851), and also at Drury Lane. In the private concerts of Queen Victoria and the nobility, Miss Pyne has always been a great favorite, and the Queen has particularly distinguished her, fancying there is a strong personal resemblance between them. It is quite true that there really is such a likeness—as far as three-and-twenty can be compared with six-and-thirty, the young lady with the middle-aged sovereign. It is not treasonable to say that Miss Pyne is a handsome likeness of the Queen. Two months ago, when the King of Portugal was in England, the Queen gave a concert at Buckingham Palace, and Miss Pyne, who was three hundred miles distant, (at York,) was telegraphed to attend, which she did, and her Majesty introducing her to the youthful King, said—"Is she not very pretty? Do you see how much she resembles me?" The resemblance is more perceptible in "The Crown Diamonds" and "A Queen for a day," (where Miss Pyne wears a tiara, and has her hair arranged in Victoria bands,) than in other parts. She is herself a royal personage, to some extent, being an English Queen of Song.—*Eve. Gazette.*

EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION OF AMERICAN MUSIC. *Three Hundred Volumes Copy-Righted, Lettered and Bound—The Production of American Composers in Thirty-Five Years—Progress of Musical Study in the United States.*

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The immense mass of music which has thus accumulated has recently been arranged and neatly and substantially bound. The result is beheld in one hundred and twenty thick volumes—sixty volumes of songs and sixty volumes of instrumental music—each volume containing at least three times the quantity of music usually comprehended in volumes of the kind, averaging some two hundred and fifty pages in each volume, or thirty thousand pages in the whole; averaging, also more than sixty pieces in each volume, or nearly one thousand in all; and thus making an aggregate of

more than three hundred volumes of vocal and instrumental music, of the size usually seen on pianofortes.

This immense collection, purporting to embrace all the copyright music published in the United States, in sheets, for the period of the thirty-five years last past, and actually embracing, no doubt, a very large proportion thereof, if not actually every piece, affords material for interesting reflections of a national character, as touching this department of industry and the fine arts, and the genius in musical composition and artistic and mechanical execution therein evinced. The gradual increase in the annual quantity issued is also worthy of remark. The songs from 1819 to 1844 are all comprised in a single volume, while those received in 1853 require seven volumes of nearly the same size. One volume comprises also all the songs for the four years from 1834 to 1838, both included; while in 1840, in 1841 and 1846, two volumes were required; in 1843, 1844 and 1845, three; in 1847, 1848, 1849 and 1851, five; and in 1850 and 1852, six. In 1842 only one volume of songs appears, and during the current year the number will probably reach eight.

Similar fluctuations in the publication of music are noticeable in that of an instrumental character the first of the sixty volumes beginning with 1835. Nor is the style and finish in the artistic execution of the music less observable than the increase in the amount annually issued. The "Ballads of Phillips," published by "Geib & Co., 53 Maiden lane, New York," or "Carr's Chants and Canzonets," "printed for the author, and sold at T. Carr's music store, No. 132 South Second street, Philadelphia," thirty odd years ago, would hardly know themselves, we trow, in the elegant garb which now characterizes the publications of at least a dozen publishers of music in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, and even in Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis.

Washington Globe, Nov. 3rd.

From Chorley's "Modern German Music."

Dr. Spohr's Music.—A Criticism.

The secrets of the temporary charm exercised over most lovers of German art by Dr. Spohr's compositions, and of the no less general sequel, a gradual disenchantment with respect to them, are not difficult to unriddle, if we consider the strange union of polished richness of manner and meagreness of idea which the bulk of his music presents; and if we recollect, that whereas manner fascinates admiration, it is the union of imagination and thought—it is matter, in short—that retains respect. On making acquaintance with a new author and a new style, few listeners can coolly determine in what proportion the above superficial and internal merits are combined. For a while, chords and closes which they have not heard before—an attractive distribution of instruments—a full sonority, the monotonous elaboration of which has not yet been found out, can seduce the ear into forgetting that the subjects wrought upon are neither new nor true ones—or into fancying that it may have unluckily begun with some of the less vigorous and felicitous compositions of a master who can think more originally than he has done in the example under consideration. Beyond this, an independent charm and merit exist in certain devices analogous to the mixtures of the painter's palette—a certain individuality and genius even,—which, within their own limit, and irrespectively of all other considerations, demand recognition. Color has "a soul to be saved," as well as form, as well as idea. But were men to recognize Domenichini merely by his deep golden yellow, or Wouvermanns solely because of his white horse, and if men became convinced that the one had only second-hand expression, and the other only threadbare and theatrical romance to exhibit, however effectively the yellow and the white might set off borrowed fancies or assemblages of objects not worth the painting—in the hundredth as well as in the tenth work—the time would come (for most of them) at which such applications of gold or silver, in place of being regarded as inventions, would be rejected as tricks by

which taste was outraged and appetite satiated. Some such conviction is apt to steal into, and ultimately to possess the minds of those who commenced their intercourse with Dr. Spohr's music the most enthusiastically. One section of his numerous compositions excepted—the rest, on short experience, may be instantaneously recognized by their strong family likeness one to the other, and will be far longer remembered by their manner than by their matter. When this manner has been once mastered, the decline and fall of admiration is merely a question of time. Some men can worship a set smile longer than others, but all end sooner or later in worshipping it less than they did when it began to smile on them.

There is more, however, than "set smile" in Dr. Spohr's music. It has its times and places of vitality and individual intelligence, as well as that general air of swooning, over-luxurious, elaborate grace, which conceals its poverty in significance and variety, so well, and so long, with some even forever. The excepted section of Dr. Spohr's compositions referred to—all that he has produced for the violin as a *solo* instrument, permanently establishes him among the great German composers, and claims high and grateful honor.

Before Dr. Spohr came, the great violinists who had given to Europe law and gospel, canons of playing, and music to play, had been mostly Italians and Frenchmen—Corelli, Geminiani, Giardini, Rode, Viotti, and others. Following the law of Italian composition, in proportion as Opera had become more and more seductively developed, their writings, however melodiously charming, had become thinner and thinner—as regards scientific merit, lingering behind a time in which Symphony, Overture, Quartet, and Sonata, were rapidly monopolizing all that deep contrapuntal science which had of old belonged exclusively to sacred vocal composition,—and essentially ephemeral, because they were merely calculated to exhibit the effects and graces, not so much of the instrument, as of particular players on that instrument.—With this, the style of execution changed, and the love for a particular form of melody was allowed so largely to predominate, that, provided large *cantilenas* were alternated with showy individualities of passage, the public asked for little beyond. Opposed to such flimsy pieces of brilliancy, where every grace and freak, moreover, was noted, so as to spare the executant any labor of invention, such more solid yet simpler *concertos* as Mozart's, in which the player was expected to work out, embroider, and finish the composer's sketch, had no chance. The former required execution—the latter, genius under instant command. On the other hand, such strict *concerto* writing as Beethoven's, who made the *solo* player merely one of an orchestra—tying him and taming him, and only setting him free to show his power when the *cadenza* arrived—could not be rated as wholly filling the end proposed. Self-effacement is of itself meritorious and dignified; but when we repair to witness display, self-effacement is not the merit nor the dignity that we desire to meet. We then want power, mastery, resource, individuality exhibited; and if they be exhibited so as to conciliate sound principles, noble forms, and skillful structure in Art—if they be put forth in embellishment of great and true thoughts—the exhibition is a high intellectual pleasure, as such raised far above the triumphs which belong to pieces exciting more superficial wonderment.

This combination has been felicitously and thoroughly effected by Dr. Spohr, in his *solo* violin music. I speak here not merely of his *Concertos*, but also of his *solo* quartets, still more of his *duets* for two instruments; in which the compromise betwixt what is classical and severe, and what is exciting and gracious, could hardly be carried to higher perfection. Curiously enough, in these exhibitional works, his thoughts and phrases have a nerve, a brightness, and a contrast, which seem to fail the master, when composition, for composition's sake (and without reference to display,) has been the

task in hand. He is here less tedious in structural writing—warmed, as it were, by the necessity of producing an immediate effect on his audience, out of the languors, delays, pedantries, which oppress us in almost all his other works. The intense personal self-occupation, which, when he approaches Music as a thinker, so often seduces him into weariness, is a safeguard to him when he creates as a *player*. Even his double quartets are not guiltless of dreary and over-wrought passages, stale thoughts, barren spaces. They cannot be laid up with the best writings of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, (not, for courtesy's sake, to speak of more modern writers.) But his *Concertos* and *Duos* are of their kind, first of the first; and that their production, performance, and practice, has been a blessed thing for the great and noble school of violin-players in Germany, is a fact no more to be denied than that Mozart helped opera a step forward, and Beethoven the orchestra, and Clementi the piano-forte.

I have sometimes speculated how far the circumstance of *solo* exhibition on the violin being the centre from which Dr. Spohr's creative force has radiated, may or may not have influenced him, when trying the larger and more general range of musical invention. A late ingenious German writer has spent some ingenuity in denouncing the piano-forte as a starting point—forgetting that, on its keyboard, the full score can be somehow represented; and that, though all players are apt when writing to be seduced into the pettinesses of finger-music, all the least meretricious, and grandest, and most original composers of modern times—Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer—have been great players. But we have no such list of instances for the violin. So far as I can recollect, Dr. Spohr is the only *concerto* performer on a stringed instrument who has attempted to win great general reputation as a composer; and thus, comparison being denied to us, it is impossible to ascertain how far his imagination may have been thereby trammelled, without his own connivance. But few will deny that it is in this special style of composition that Dr. Spohr rises highest: the limits of his power being indicated in the fact, that his chamber-music—in which the piano-forte, not the violin, is principal—is a failure (the well-known Quintet with wind, instruments making the exception.)—Another special merit of interest and value is indisputably his property. In orchestral combination, Dr. Spohr's gift of color has great attractiveness. He produces a certain richness of sound, by an even balance betwixt the wind and stringed instruments, which is delightful and satisfying—satiating only because it is not accompanied by any variety, or by any reserve. The treasures of the *cornucopia* are showered upon us by him in perpetual fullness—no single tint or flavor being allowed to preponderate, or, by being produced in pure and solitary brightness, to enhance the splendor of the full harmony which follows it. Hence the overtures and symphonies of Dr. Spohr rank with me as second in merit to his double quartets, *Concertos*, and less ambitious compositions for the violin. The rhythm of his Overture to "Jessonda" caused it to stand out from among its brethren. His Symphony in D minor is pleasing, because it is naturally expressive—sweet without sickliness, and solid without stupidity. The *allegro* and the *march*, again, in his "Power of Sound" Symphony, are among their composer's happiest inspirations—as such, printing themselves deeply and distinctly in the memory of the most fastidious. But whereas, in compositions on so vast a scale, mere treatment will not suffice to interest—and there must be a vigor of idea, and vivacity of contrast—and whereas the first thoughts of Dr. Spohr are apt to be threadbare, insipid, and uninteresting—it is curious to observe the expedient to which he has resorted, during his career, to hide this primal poverty. In place of adding himself to a wise and scrutinizing study of melody—such as we have reason to think was never out of Haydn's view, whence Haydn's extraordinary fecundity

and progress—it would seem as if the excellent *Kapellmeister* of Cassel had fancied that ambitious and mystical subjects necessarily implied picturesque and various thoughts—and, confounding objects with means of illustration, had conceived that such titles as "Human Destiny," "The Sounds of Life," "the Seasons of the Year," &c., would stand him in stead, and deceive the public as well as the master, into forgetting that each new experiment was essentially more poor, more barren, more cloying than its predecessor. It would be interesting to examine how far habits of life and occupation, modes of thought, and expansion or reserve of artistic sympathies, have tended to conduce to this indifference to first ideas—by bringing about a frame of complacent and mechanical industry, to which every theme that presents itself is equally valuable and new; but such examination must be left for musical biographers to come. It is enough to state the result, and to bring forward the want of freshness and monotony of the composer, as a reason why, after a time, all but a small circle of admirers, become wearied of his music,—and wherefore his influence upon the world of German composers have been little, or none, and with the many have already died out.

We shall see this more clearly, if, turning from his instrumental compositions, we think, for one instant of Dr. Spohr's operas. Strictly speaking, his writings cannot be called unmelodious; since music more symmetrical than his has never been written. The most graceful Italian garden, where

"Grove nods to grove—each alley has its brother,"

is not arranged with a more perpetual reference to reflexion, parallel, reply, repetition, than the largest or the least piece of handiwork put forth by this arithmetically-orderly composer. Further, Dr. Spohr's vocal ideas and phrases have, for the most part, a certain suavity and flow, belonging to the good school of graceful *cantabile*, eminently commendable, when not indisputably charming. But it is difficult, nay, I may say, at once impossible, to cite any *motivo* from his pen, which, by its artless vivacity, seizes and retains the ear; and there are few of his melodies that do not recall better tunes, by better men. Perhaps, no one but himself has written three operas that keep the stage—which "Faust," "Zemire und Azor," and "Jessonda," may be said to do—without having added a solitary bar to the stores of his country's popular music. It is impossible to mistake his manner of treating or combining his materials; but the leading phrases of his finest airs, such as the great songs of Cuni-gonda, Faust, and Mephistopheles, in "Faust"—the romance in "Zemire und Azor,"—and the opening of the pleasing duet betwixt Amazili and Nodori, in "Jessonda,"—have not a trace of such individuality as that by which we recognize a tune by Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, or, even, in his happiest moments, by Bellini. They are elegant, and sweet; but without character, and without personality. Local color (as the word is understood) there is none in his operas—save an attempt at abruptness, perhaps, in some of the music given to Mephistopheles, and a certain voluptuous oriental languor in the funeral music which opens the story of the widow of Malabar. Yet Dr. Spohr seems, from the first, to have rather courted than avoided subjects calling for the most brilliant and various coloring; to have sought for his effects in costume and scenery (so to say) rather than in passion. A national instinct towards the mystic and supernatural, drove him to select "Faust" as a subject, long ere Weber wrote "Der Freischütz." Yet compare the Brocken music of Dr. Spohr's opera, which might be a dance of Swiss milkmaids, with Weber's supernatural scenes in the "Wolf's Glen," and the weakness and want of significance in the former, are enough to lead the uninitiated to imagine that the labor must have been one of compulsion, not love. The intention to be fantastic and fearful may have been there; but the result is little better than a harmless and quaint *bergerie*.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 11, 1854.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud. Subscribers will therefore understand—
1. That their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they have paid unless otherwise ordered.
2. That no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up to the time at which the notice is given, unless we are satisfied that the subscriber is worthless.
3. That when the paper, through the fault of a subscriber, has been suffered to overrun the time, the just and most convenient way is to remit the price for another year with directions to discontinue at the end of that time.—*Exchange*.

Mendelssohn Choral Society.

The first Oratorio Concert of the season, at the Boston Music Hall, last Sunday evening, was in the main highly successful; the guests many and the fare appetizing, if not in all respects the most nourishing. The first and miscellaneous half of the programme suffered somewhat from accidental causes. The room was filled with smoke to a degree that made hearers and performers nervous, and dulled (we doubt not) the sound of the music; since in the second part, when the air was clear, the music also sounded clear. Who can doubt that states of air in a hall influence sound as much as the construction of the hall itself? The same cause aggravated a severe cold on the part of Mrs. EMMONS, totally defeating her attempt to sing the second in the *Quis est homo* with her sister, Miss BOTHAMLY. The orchestra, of thirty-six instruments, was well drilled and strong—too strong sometimes, considering that the modern compositions given required so large a complement of brass to the here necessarily limited proportion of strings. Moreover the wood instruments were ill attuned to one another; witness that warbling passage where flutes, clarinets, &c., run together during the silence of the rest of the orchestra for some bars in the overture. It was Mercadante's overture to Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which furnished most of the selections of the first part of the concert; an overture mainly patched together out of movements from the *Stabat* itself, but exhibiting some skilful instrumentation and some good fugal treatment.

After the overture followed the *Cujus animam*, by Mr. ARTHURSON, whose pure, sweet, flexible tenor, and refined, expressive style are always welcome, although he seemed not on this occasion to be in possession of his best strength of voice; at least he contended at odds against so strong an orchestra, and (shall we add) against the smoky atmosphere. The *Quis est homo* was admirable, so far as the first voice was concerned. Mr. WETHERBEE delivered the *Pro peccatis* in a style refreshing to the cultivated taste. His voice is rather a light baritone, without ponderous

bass notes, but singularly musical, vibrant and elastic in its quality, especially in its higher tones, and trained into willing and easy obedience to artistic methods, so that he happily illustrates the opposite of that clumsy, heavy, coarse kind of bass solo-singing, which has got associated from time immemorial with oratorios in this country. (By the way, was not the time, both in the *Pro peccatis* and the *Cujus* held back to a degree slightly uncomfortable—or was it the smoke, obfuscating our time-sense?) Mr. Wetherbee also sets his deep-voiced countrymen a model in the art they all particularly lack, the art of *recitative*. His recital of Handel's *Behold, I tell you a mystery*, was musical, distinct, impressive. And the air following: *The trumpet shall sound, &c.*, lacked only a little more of the ringing and explosive strength of voice, which we hear in many Italians. But that is a quality more cheap and common, and more easily dispensed with than the rarer qualities of style and chaste, true expression, which Mr. Wetherbee decidedly possesses. Mr. HEINICKE's trumpet *obligato* here was excellent in the main, although his strength gave out at the end of one or two trying and protracted passages.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth" is on too large and grand a scale of song for Mrs. WENTWORTH's quality of voice, and demands those lofty *clans* of genius and inspiration which you find not in her uniformly moderate, correct, neat way of singing. Yet it was a well studied, chaste and finished reading of the noble melody. We must go back two steps to the grand aria with chorus: *Inflamatus est*, from the *Stabat Mater*, which was a complete triumph for the beautiful, rich, round, resonant and evenly developed soprano of Miss BOTHAMLY. It was fully equal to the highest passages, true in intonation, and conveyed the eloquent suggestions of the music with a satisfying power, without any overdoing, which was highly creditable to so young a singer. Her tones told clear above the full power of the orchestra. The intermediate responses of the chorus were finely given.

Part second. The smoke had cleared away, and Lindpaintner's short Oratorio, or Sacred Cantata: "The Widow of Nain" ("Young Man of Nain," it is called in the German,) was clearly and fully heard, as it was happily rendered. The music, for the most part, is not very difficult, nor does it ever rise to greatness, or disclose a vein of marked originality. Yet it is musician-like, clear, effective, and abounding in interesting numbers of contrasted character. The choruses are mostly bright and animated, sonorous and ear-filling, being well-written for the voices; full of those harmonies and effects which are common to much of the modern music, and endings that remind one of Rossini and the stage. Yet there are some satisfying fugue movements, that claim relationship with the grand masters. The instrumentation through the whole is rich and imposing, only at times too tempting to the loud brass, as is the wont of modern music, when it lacks the tempering instinct of genius as infallible as Mendelssohn's. This indulgence in *fortissimo* occurred some times in singular contrast with the words sung: witness a stupendous crash upon the line: *Peaceful bed in silent chambers*, in the chorus of mourners bearing the widow's son to grave. But the words throughout (at least the English version used) are so obscure when they

are not awkwardly prosaic, that it is perhaps not well to expect too close a correspondence between text and music. We may add, moreover, that this whole funeral scene, including a march, recitative, chorus, alto aria, and chorus again repeated,—all monotonously mournful, and constructed on the same theme, with no sense of progress, impressed us as tediously long. The recitative and aria: *Weep on, mother*, were well rendered in a large and fresh contralto voice by Miss TWICHELL; but the aria in itself is not far removed from that common-place sentimentality, which is only too popular, and its melody repeats itself after the interest is exhausted. The sameness of the whole scene was somewhat relieved by rendering a portion of the chorus as semi-chorus. Grief and mourning are naturally monotonous, and time passes slowly at a funeral. But Art should not represent this property too literally. Handel's "Messiah" is properly a "Passion music;" the sufferings of the Christ constitute the heart and nucleus of the whole oratorio, yet in actual length their recital occupies hardly a fifth part of the oratorio; and that fifth part how full of event, of variety, of progress, of ever new matter and suggestion! But Lindpaintner here stretches (not develops) a single mournful motive over a larger portion of his work. A great tone-poet can suggest long histories in a short passage. Lapse of time, &c. does not require length of treatment.

With this exception we find the whole Cantata interesting, for once, and we dare say for several times. Other solos are that for Soprano: *Weep not now*, beautifully sung by Miss BOTHAMLY, and in itself a beautiful consoling song, both in melody and accompaniment, though continually suggestive in its turns and phrases of Haydn's *With verdure clad*. And again still more were we reminded of "the Creation" by the duet between Miss BOTHAMLY and Mr. ARTHURSON: *O, pleasure entrancing!* which has the same frisky sort of ecstacy with a part of the duet between Adam and Eve. The miracle of the resurrection is dramatically, briefly and impressively conveyed in two sentences of recitative, one for the bass (Mr. WETHERBEE), reciting the cause: *He touched the bier . . . Young man, arise!* exciting wonder and expectation; the other for soprano (Miss BOTHAMLY,) answering it with silvery tones (as if a man could relate the first, but it required an angel to tell what followed,) reciting the effect: *And he that was dead sat up, &c.* This introduces the air: *Weep not*, above alluded to. Mr. WETHERBEE's rendering of that recitative, and of the aria somewhat later: *Young man, arise!* was admirable.

Another agreeable feature in the "Widow of Nain" was formed by two vocal Quartets, just after the opening and before the final chorus, beautiful specimens of clear and flowing part-writing, without however any marked individuality, and sung with fine balance and expression by four fresh and telling voices, Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. MOZART. The Organ, under the hands of Mr. BABCOCK, helped essentially to fill up the harmony in the grand choruses, especially the fugues; and altogether it must be set down as a successful performance of a new work, which will be pretty sure to interest an audience at least once more. It will be repeated to-morrow night, with a less hacknied miscellany for the first part. For instance, an overture by Gluck!

Mr. J. C. D. Parker's Soiree.

Our young townsman was honored by a very large and appreciative audience in the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, on Thursday evening. It was well understood that concert-giving, public virtuoso-ship, was not to his taste and not his purpose. His musical aspirations are of the more retired and quiet cast, yet none the less deep and earnest. Having spent over three years in Leipzig, under the training of Moscheles and the best German masters, not of the piano merely, but in all the branches of a sound musician's culture, he has sought to bring home a solid title to the character of musician (in the artistic sense of the word) and teacher in his native city. And simply to prove that he had earned that title, was the object of the little feast of choice music which he offered to his friends that evening. We are sure no one will say that object was not satisfactorily accomplished.

The entertainment was opened by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, with one of the most sparkling, quaint, delicately fanciful of Haydn's Quartets (in B flat, No. 67,) which was very nicely rendered. For his first piece the young *débutant*, whose modest, artist-like appearance forestalled favor, had selected a brilliant, difficult and long Sonata for piano and violoncello, by Moscheles, (E major, op. 121.) We could not find the composition so interesting as we had anticipated. It was a series of graceful, brilliant movements, characteristic, in the sense of aiming at characteristic models, like the Scherzo in dance style (*ballabile*), and the Andantino in Bohemian style; yet without marked originality, and not free from modern affectation. Musician-like, of course, as anything from Moscheles must be, but like many new books, written with fluency and brightness and smacking of rich culture, which yet make no addition to your intellectual store. So at least it seemed upon a first hearing, and we should fear it might prove only more so on a second. Mr. Parker in this showed a fluent, easy, graceful execution, with much fineness in the *nuances*, generally neat and clear (allowing for nervousness,) but with less of that straight-forward evenness which we had expected from his seemingly quiet temperament and manner. Indeed in all his playing there was a good deal of the *tempo rubato*, of that moody coquetting with the time, which is said to be characteristic of Moscheles' own playing of late years. In the *Sonata Pathétique* we felt this more particularly, where, with plenty of execution and felicitous mastery in all the little ornamental accessories, the general movement was unsteady and capricious, especially the answering passage between treble and bass in the first Allegro. The Beethoven fire, solidity, nervous accent, and downrightness seemed to us wanting. Yet the Sonata was evidently played with fervor and a real love of the composition, gracefully, elegantly, and if in all respects not answering to one's previous conception of the intention of the music, yet in a manner evidently well studied and by no means guilty of the flippancy so common with those gifted with extra power of mechanical execution, who in assuming to interpret Beethoven, only interpret their own marvellous skill and vanity.

For smaller pieces Mr. Parker gave an Etude of his own, somewhat capricious and fantastic in its character, but with a certain moody grace of its own, which we found not uninteresting; and

three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words": viz., the "Duet," the *Volkssied* (people's song) and that often called the "Spring Song." After such hearings of the first and last as we have heretofore been blessed withal, it is much to say that these favorites suffered much less in the new rendering than we could reasonably have expected even at the hands of famous artists.

We have too sincere a respect for our young friend's artistic aspiration to dismiss this his first public effort with unqualified cheap praise. And yet we have found it an awkward and we fear unsuccessful task to state the qualifications which we felt. Fully stated they would doubtless lead into discussion and comparison of differing ideas and principles of Art, such as his playing justly challenges. For this we need room and time; and if we have dwelt upon the negative side of Thursday evening's impressions, it is not because we found not positive matter enough for admiration. Indeed we think our townsman has more than met the expectations of his friends and shown fruits worthy of his pilgrimage to Leipzig, and ability and culture in the art of music and the handling of his instrument, such as must ensure him a high rank among our teachers and professors.

The balance of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Andante in F, (op. 35,) commonly known as a piano piece, but cleverly arranged as Quintet by Mr. RYAN, and played very acceptably by the Quintette Club. We must not omit to mention also Mr. WULF FRIES's tasteful accompaniment to the Moscheles Sonata.

THE PIANO TAUGHT IN CLASSES—From the *Courrier des Etats Unis* of the 1st inst. we translate the following:

"PIANO: MUSIQUE D' ENSEMBLE.—Under this title, M. Oscar Comettant opens this week a musical course of an entirely novel character and promising the finest results.

"The object of such courses is to form the ear of pupils by developing in them the qualities essential to a good musician: to-wit, the sense of rhythm, measure, and precision in the various parts which constitute a musical ensemble.

"Pianists, more than any other musicians, are liable to fall into a defect the opposite of these qualities. The reason lies entirely in the happy mechanism of the instrument, which admits of the richest accompaniments with the melody, and makes of the piano a miniature orchestra under the absolute direction of a single executant. Thus abandoned to their own inspirations, it is seldom that pianists (excepting the great artists) do not insensibly contract certain faults of measure, which there is nothing to correct, and which time only confirms and renders often irremediable.

"A course of piano-forte instruction, therefore, particularly directed to the execution of *musique d' ensemble*, composed expressly for the instrument, is a precious matter to the laborious pupil who would add to mechanical execution the solid and not less indispensable qualities of the musician. At the same time it would be a matter of emulation for each of the pianists, bearing a part in the ensemble, classed according to their degrees of skill.

"The pieces used for practice, arranged for four hands and for several pianos, will be chosen from the works of the most celebrated composers. . . ."

All this is true and important, only not so "entirely novel." The plan is simply that pursued in European musical Conservatories, and an obvious necessity of great schools where there are many pupils. We are strongly under the impression, too, that something like it may be found in our Institutions for the Blind, large Female Seminaries, &c., &c. At all events, as it appears by an advertisement that has stood some time in our columns, a teacher in this city, Mlle. De Lamotte, has got the start of M. Comettant in this business. This lady has for some time successfully taught the piano in classes of six pupils at a time, playing upon three pianos. Though it can never supersede private lessons, the plan has advantages which may be summed up in two: First, the habit of playing together enforces unity and precision in time, tone, &c.; and secondly, it lends a social stimulus to an exercise which is of doubtful efficacy when pursued in a dull and listless state of mind.

ORATORIOS.—We are sorry to hear that two of our Oratorio Societies have resolved to give the "Messiah" on the same night (Christmas Eve). O that we had room to read them a solemn lecture on the ruinous folly of such unmusical rivalry. Shall the feast be spoiled by too many cooks? Better, by far, unite all the forces in one, and let Handel's grand work have the advantage of the fullest possible cooperation!

Mlle. DE LAMOTTE's Concerts, it will be seen, commence on Wednesday evening. Her programme certainly is excellent, and she has good assistance.

Our townsman, Mr. S. H. MIELARD, we are pleased to hear, has concluded to make Boston his residence, and teach the art of singing. Some of the music-lovers will probably have a taste of his artistic quality at Chickering's rooms early next week.

Advertisements.**Soprano Singer Wanted.**

A QUARTETTE Choir in a country town in Massachusetts are in want of a Soprano singer of good quality. They can offer but a small compensation for that service, but will guaranty such a number of pupils upon the piano forte as will afford a reasonable support for any lady who is properly qualified to teach. Should this notice reach the eye of any person who can comply with the above conditions, they may address W. T. DAVIS, Greenfield, Mass. Nov 11 84.

CARL ZERRAHN.

Conductor of the Handel & Haydn Society,

Is prepared to receive pupils on the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, and may be addressed at the Winthrop House, or at the music stores of G. P. Reed & Co., E. H. Wade, and N. Richardson. Nov 11

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.**THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.****Subscription Concerts for 1854.**

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY propose to give a Series of EIGHT CONCERTS, during the approaching Musical Season, which will include the Oratorios of ELIJAH, THE MESSIAH, MOSES IN EGYPT, Selections from Mt. SINAI, ISRAEL IN EGYPT, THE CREATION, &c.

These Concerts will be given at the Music Hall, commencing with ELIJAH, as soon as practicable. The Messiah will be given on Christmas Eve.

The Soles will be sustained, in part, by some of the same talent, which made the performances of the last winter so popular, with the addition of other voices, now practicing in the Society's Solo Class.

Conductor.....CARL ZERRAHN.

Organist and Pianist.....F. F. MÜLLER.

The Orchestra is composed of those members of the Germania Society who remain in Boston, with some of the best resident Musicians.

Due notice will be given of the first performance.

Tickets are now ready at the Music Stores of WADE, DITSON, REED, & RICHARDSON, at EATY & FAIRBANKS', 126 Washington street, and at No 1 Joy's Building.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

Boston, October 24, 1854.

Boston Musical Fund Society.**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

THE public and patrons of the above Society are hereby informed that the Subscription Tickets for the Seventh Series of Concerts are now ready for delivery at the Society's Room, No. 12 Tremont Street, up stairs, opposite Reed & Co.'s Music Store, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. every day. Oc 28 LOUIS RIMBACH, Sec'y.

PIANO-FORTE CONCERTS.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE begs leave to announce that during the ensuing winter, her second season, she will give a series of FOUR CONCERTS, to take place at the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, Masonic Temple.

Mlle. De Lamotte will be assisted by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, whose scientific execution has been long and well appreciated in Boston. Vocalists will also be selected with the greatest care, and no pains will be spared to render these concerts worthy of the patronage of the music lovers of Boston.

The concerts will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, once a month.

Subscription lists may be found at the Messrs. Chickering's, and all the principal music stores. Nov 4 84

HEWES' PATENT**AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.**

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEWES, 365 Washington St., Boston.

Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE Government of this Society beg to announce its Seventh series of Concerts, commencing about the middle of November, to be continued once a fortnight, as nearly as practicable. The series for the ensuing season will consist of eight Concerts. The subscription price for the series is fixed at \$3.50. The Orchestra, about fifty in number, has been carefully re-organized, and now numbers besides the members of the Musical Fund Society, many of the former members of the Germania Musical Society, and other resident musicians who have lately settled in Boston. The Government will endeavor to render these Concerts as far as possible worthy of the standard of excellence now demanded, and expected to be acted up to, by any Society desirous of securing and enjoying the patronage of the Boston public.

GOVERNMENT.—C. C. Perkins, President; C. F. Chickering, Vice President; L. Rimbach, Secretary; B. A. Burditt, Treasurer; H. Fries, Librarian; G. Endres, Auditor; I. Moorhouse, F. Fries, Associates.—T. E. Chickering, Geo. T. Bigelow, J. P. Bradlee, S. E. Guild, J. Bigelow, Trustees.

Subscription lists are now ready, and may be found at the principal Music stores. L. RIMBACH, SECRETARY.
Boston, Oct. 1854.

CLASSICAL TRIO CONCERTS.

THE subscribers propose to give FOUR MUSICAL SOIREES in the Melancon (Tremont Temple). The programmes will consist of Classical Trios, Quartets, Solos, &c., for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Further particulars hereafter.

CARL GÄRTNER, VIOLIN.

CARL HAUSE, PIANO-FORTE.

HENRI JUNGNIKEL, VIOLONCELLO.

Oct 14

**CARL GÄRTNER,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

May be found at Richardson's Musical Exchange, every forenoon between 9 and 10.
Oct 14

LESSONS ON THE VIOLONCELLO.**HENRI JUNGNIKEL**

Will receive pupils on the Violoncello. Address Carl Gärtner
Oct 14

MR. GUSTAV KREBS,

MEMBER OF THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB,
Begs leave to inform the public that he is prepared to give instruction on the

FLUTE, VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Applications made at No. 17 Franklin Place will receive prompt attention.
Oct 14

MR. AUGUST FRIES,

Respectfully informs his friends and former pupils, that he again is prepared to receive

ADVANCED PIANISTS AS PUPILS,

to accompany them with the Violin in SONATAS, DUO CONCERTANTE, SOLOS, &c. Applications sent to 17 Franklin Place, will be promptly attended to.
Oct 14 3m

MISS FANNY FRAZER,

Has the pleasure to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the city, and will be prepared to resume instruction in SINGING and the PIANO-FORTE, on and after October 1st. Communications may be left with Messrs. G. P. Reed & Co. or at her residence,
"Pavilion," Tremont Street.
Sept 16

YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

Rooms in connection with Mr. E. A. Beaman's Young Ladies' School, No. 23 Temple Place.

E. R. BLANCHARD, Teacher.

Also, Teacher of Music in Mr. Adams's Young Ladies' School, Central Place.

RESIDENCE, 24 WEST CEDAR STREET, BOSTON.

This School is designed for all who wish to acquire the ability to read music readily at sight, and is particularly adapted to the wants of those who desire to fit themselves to receive instruction, from the best masters, in the Cultivation of the Voice, Style, &c. Commencing with FIRST PRINCIPLES and proceeding upwards, by regular and successive steps, the students will acquire so thorough and practical a knowledge of the ELEMENTS of Vocal Music as will enable them to read even the more difficult CLASSICAL COMPOSITIONS with ease and fluency.

For terms, and other particulars, see Circular, which may be had at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. G. J. Webb & Co., No. 3 Winter street, where, also, Mr. Blanchard may be found between the hours of 2 and 3, P. M.

N. B. Mr. Blanchard will be happy to give instruction in schools and academies, if situated in the immediate vicinity.

Having examined the plan of instruction adopted in the Young Ladies' Vocal Music School, we most cheerfully say that it meets our unqualified approbation.

From the success which has heretofore attended the instructions of Mr. Blanchard we feel assured that his school will merit the fullest confidence of the public.

LOWELL MASON, Geo. J. WEBB, F. F. MÜLLER,
Geo. F. ROOT, B. F. BAKER.

Sept 30

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce that he has commenced Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies in SOLFEGGIO, at the Rooms of the Messrs. Chickering, on Mondays and Thursdays.

For the convenience of those attending schools, the afternoon classes from 4 to 5.

Terms, twelve dollars for twenty-four lessons.

Signor Corelli has removed to No. 47 Hancock Street, where henceforth he may be addressed; or at the Tremont House, or at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms.
Sept 9

Mendelssohn Choral Society.**THE NEW ORATORIO**

OF THE

WIDOW OF NAIN

WILL BE REPEATED

On Sunday Evening, November 12,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

On which occasion the following Ladies and Gentlemen will assist:

Mrs. Wentworth,
Miss Twichell,
Mr. Wetherbee,
Mr. Adams,

Miss Bothamly,
Mrs. Long,
Mr. Arthurson,
Mr. Mozart.

H. ECKHARDT, Conductor.

W. R. BABCOCK, Organist and Pianist.

F. SUCK, Leader of the Orchestra.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Overture..... Gluck.
Choral: from 'St. Paul'..... Mendelssohn.
Grand Scene: 'Fall of Zion,' Mr. WETHERBEE..... Paisiello.
Air from 'Samson,' Mrs. LONG..... Handel.
Air from 'Solomon,' Mr. ARTHURSON..... Handel.
Air: Mrs. WENTWORTH..... Handel.
Aria and Chorus (Inflammatus) Aria, Miss BOTHAMLY, Rossini.

PART II.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Tickets at 50 cents each may be obtained at the music stores, and on Sunday at the principal hotels and at the door.
Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

M. N. BOYDEN, Sec'y.

**Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE'S
FIRST GRAND CONCERT**

Will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Nov. 15, at the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, Masonic Temple,

On which occasion she will be assisted by Mrs. WENTWORTH, Vocalist, and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Quintette, in G minor..... Mozart.
MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.
2. Cavatina from Beatrice di Tenda..... Bellini.
Mrs. WENTWORTH.
3. Grand Concerto for Piano Forte in A minor, op. 85, Hummel.
Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE and QUINTETTE CLUB.

PART II.

1. Song without Words, No. 6, sixth book, arranged for Quintette by T. Ryan..... Mendelssohn.
MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.
2. a. 2d Nocturne, op. 15, in F sharp major..... Chopin.
b. Grand Sonate Pathétique in C minor, op. 13, Beethoven.
Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE.
3. Ballad: Last Rose of Summer.
Mrs. WENTWORTH.
4. Grand Fantasia on the Prayer of Moses..... Thalberg.
Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE.
5. Grand Scene and Air from Robert le Diable..... Meyerbeer.
MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

To commence at 7½ o'clock.

Tickets to be had at all the music stores, and at the door on the evening of the concert.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.**The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,**

HAVE the honor of announcing to their friends and the public of Boston, that during this, their sixth season, they will give a series of EIGHT CONCERTS, to take place at the Rooms of the Messrs. CHICKERING, Masonic Temple.

Owing to the limited number of seats, the price of tickets for the Series will be Five Dollars. Single admissions, One Dollar. They will be assisted by the best resident Artists, and no pains will be spared to render the Series worthy the patronage of the public. The Concerts will, as usual, take place on TUESDAY EVENINGS, once a fortnight. The first will be given about the middle of November. The Subscription Lists will be out in a few days.
Oct 14

IMPROVED MELODEONS.

THE subscriber has recently received from Mr. C. Peloubet, manufacturer of Musical Instruments, a consignment of his improved MELODEONS, which are offered for sale. These instruments are superior in quality of tone and freedom of action to any yet offered to the public, and the prices are not higher than others of more ordinary quality.

A liberal discount from the retail prices will be made to wholesale purchasers.
JOSEPH L. BATES,
Oct 28 64 129 Washington St.

MRS. JOSEPH HARRINGTON, JR.,

Announces to her friends and the public that she will give instruction on the PIANO, and in Italian and Ballad SINGING, at her residence, Norfolk House, Roxbury, or at the residence of pupils.

REFERENCES.

Rev. Dr. Putnam. Rev. F. D. Huntington, Mr. Adolph Baumbach, William Whiting, Esq., Mr. Charles Hickling, Dr. H. Bartlett, Roxbury.
Oct 14 1m

All kinds of Job and Fancy Printing neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

Has the honor to announce that she has commenced morning and afternoon classes for the

INSTRUCTION OF YOUNG LADIES on the PIANO-FORTE.

Terms, fifteen dollars for twenty-four lessons.

These classes are on the same principle as those established with such great success in the Conservatories of Germany, France, and England.

For classes or private lessons apply at 55 Hancock street, or at Messrs. Chickering's.
Oct 21 3m

OTTO DRESEL

Gives instruction on the piano, and may be addressed at the WINTHROP HOUSE. Terms:—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

Sept 16

3m

INSTRUCTION IN SINGING.

SIGNOR C. CHIANEI respectfully informs his friends and the public that he is now to be seen at Sig. Papanti's, No. 21 Tremont Row, every Monday and Thursday from 12 to 1 o'clock, where he is permitted to give lessons.

Application may be made by letter at No. 47 Hancock street, or at Richardson's Musical Exchange.

WILLIAM BERGER,

Publisher and Importer of Music,

No. 82 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

KEEPS constantly on hand a Large and Select Stock of IMPORTED MUSIC, for sale at Eastern prices. New Music received by Steamer as soon as published. A liberal discount granted to Teachers. All orders promptly attended to. Music arranged to order.

Catalogues sent gratis by mail.

Aug 26

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Mr. DE LAMOTTE, from Paris, begs leave to announce that he is prepared to commence a course of instruction to pupils in classes, or private lessons, during the ensuing winter, and will be happy to receive applications at 55 Hancock street.
Oct 21 3m

D. B. NEWHALL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

PIANO FORTES,

No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.

VALUABLE ENGRAVINGS.**N. D. COTTON,**

No. 7 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,

HAS just received one of the choicest collections of celebrated Engravings of the works of the Old Masters ever offered for sale in this country. They were purchased in Europe during the present year; and the variety of subjects and engravers is larger, and more desirable to select from than any previous importation. The following are some of the most important ones—of which there are no duplicates—in this collection:—

"The Marriage of Joseph and Mary," painted by Raphael, engraved by Longhi; a very fine old impression, with large margin, and before the inscription on the temple. A very fine impression of Müller's celebrated engraving of Raphael's "Dresden Madonna." Steina's engraving of the same Madonna. The "Assumption of the Virgin," painted by Titian and engraved by Schiavoni, a superb impression with open letters. "The Transfiguration," painted by Raphael and engraved by Raphael Morghen. Guido's "Aurora," engraved by Raphael Morghen. "The Descent from the Cross," by D. Volterra; engraved by Toschi, fine impression with large margin; this is one of Toschi's most celebrated works. "The Madonna della Scodella" engraved by Toschi after Correggio; and "The Madonna della Tenda," after Raphael, by the same engraver, fine impressions in perfect condition. "The Tribute Money," engraved by Steina, after Titian. "Portrait of Raphael," "La Fornarina" and "La Poésie," painted by Raphael, and engraved by Raphael Morghen, fine impressions with full margins. "Portraits of celebrated Italians," engraved by Raphael Morghen. Fifteen fine impressions of "The Stanzas of Raphael," engraved by Volpato and Raphael Morghen. "The Judgment of Solomon," splendidly engraved by Anderloni, a superb proof, with open letters. "La Madonna del Lago," engraved by Longhi, after Leonardo da Vinci, splendid impressions on large paper. "The Presentation in the Temple," painted by Fra Bartolomeo and engraved by Perelli, splendid proof, with open letters. "Triumph of Galatée," painted by Raphael, and engraved by Richomme, brilliant impression in perfect condition. "La Vierge au Poisson," engraved by Desnoyers, after Raphael. "Madonna del Sacco," engraved by Raphael Morghen, after Andrea del Sarto. "Repose," a gem, engraved by Berville. A fine impression on India paper of the celebrated engraving by Mercuri, of Delarocche's "Saint Amelia." Also, a fine proof before all letters of "The Head of Columbus," engraved by Mercuri. "King Lear," painted by West and engraved by Sharp; open letter proof.

Also a very large collection of modern engravings, of English, French and German publications.

All new engravings received as soon as published. Orders received for engravings not on hand.

Nov 11 3t

**NOW READY,
THE GREAT WORK OF THE YEAR,
MOORE'S
COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA
—OF—
MUSIC.**

A work which has cost the indefatigable compiler fifteen years of arduous labor, assisted by some of the most distinguished celebrities in the musical world. This splendid work, so indispensable not only to the professional musician, but to every amateur, is comprised in one elegant royal octavo volume, of 1004 pages, double columns; and contains the Biographies of upwards of

4000 MUSICIANS!

Comprising the most distinguished Composers and Performers who have ever lived.

**A Complete Dictionary of over
5000 MUSICAL TERMS,**
With full definitions. **A Complete History of the
SCIENCE OF MUSIC,**

From the earliest times to the present.... A full description of

All Known Musical Instruments,
With the dates of their invention, and their Scales. Treatises on HARMONY and THOROUGH BASS, &c. &c.

**A Book intended to cover the whole
of Musical Science.**

**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.
PUBLISHERS,
July 29 BOSTON.**

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI, Professor of Music, from Naples, proposes to teach SINGING and the PIANO during the coming winter, in Boston, both by private and class lessons. The latter will be given to CHORAL CLASSES, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for which purpose the Messrs. Chickering have kindly offered the use of their Rooms, in order to afford to as many as possible the advantages of a system of public musical instruction that has been attended with great success in Europe.

Applications to be made to Sig. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, at the Winthrop House, or to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, to whom, as well as to the following gentlemen, he is politely permitted to refer.

REFERENCES.—Rev Sam'l K. Lothrop, Samuel G. Ward, Esq.
Arthur L. Payson, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq.
Sept 9

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,

BEGS to announce that he is prepared to commence instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, Harmony and Counterpoint, and will be happy to receive applications at No. 3 Hayward Place, on and after Oct. 1st.
REFERENCES.—R. E. Apthorp, C. C. Perkins, J. S. Dwight, Esq.
Sept 23

**E. R. BLANCHARD,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND SINGING.**

Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.
Reference, Geo. J. Webb, Esq. May 20.

**L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston.**

Germania Serenade Band.
THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured by applying to
H. K. TELTOW, Agent
30 Fayette Street

**CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT ACTION
GRAND AND SQUARE
PIANO-FORTES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

**WAREHOOMS,
MASONIC TEMPLE,
TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.**

Apr 20

Edward J. Balch

**NOW READY:
Third and Cheap Edition of the
MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,
BY NATHAN RICHARDSON.**

Inasmuch as the demand for a cheaper edition of this Instruction Book has been so great, particularly among Teachers, heads of Seminaries, &c., the publisher has been induced to issue an edition containing precisely the same matter, but bound in a plainer style. This Method is more complete and systematic than any other published in this country or Europe, and is now the cheapest. It is recommended by all the first Teachers, as being the very best.

Price, in plain binding.....\$3.00
In the original style, full gilt.....\$4.00
Copies sent by mail to any part of the United States on the receipt of the above prices.

**PUBLISHED AT THE
MUSICAL EXCHANGE,
282 Washington Street, Boston, by
NATHAN RICHARDSON.**

**GEORGE J. WEBB & CO.
PIANO-FORTES.**

**WAREHOOMS
No. 3 WINTER STREET,
BOSTON.
ALL INSTRUMENTS
WARRANTED
IN EVERY PARTICULAR.**
Sept 2 2m

A. W. FRENZEL
Will resume his
INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE,
On or before October 1st.

Orders may be left at the music-stores of Messrs. Reed & Co. N. Richardson, or E. H. Wade. Aug 26

**John Bunyan Still Lives!
THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.
THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,**

In one Picture, 24 by 30 inches, most elegantly engraved on steel, by Andrews, containing 280 human figures, besides all the scenes through which Christian passed, on his journey from the city of Destruction, to the Celestial City, so admirably portrayed by Bunyan. Every Christian family should have this splendid production of human genius.

TESTIMONIALS of the strongest nature, too numerous to publish, have been received by the publisher, from the most distinguished men of England and America.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.
GEO. E. SICKELS is the ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT for BOSTON. His rooms are at the Am. S. Union, No. 3, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

Instruction on the Piano-forte and in Singing.

MR. ADOLPH KIEBLER respectfully gives notice to his pupils and the public that he has returned to the city, and resumed his lessons on the Piano-forte and in Singing, and may be addressed at his residence, 30 Ash street, or at the Music Stores of Oliver Dixon, 115 Washington street, Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont street, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington street.

REFERENCES.—Lyman Nichols, Esq., 10 Joy Street, Boston.
John Bigelow, " 42 Blossom St. "
Oliver Dixon, " " "
George F. Reed, " " "
N. Richardson, " " "
Hon. T. D. Elliot, New Bedford.
Rev John Weiss, " "
Joseph Ricketson, Esq. "

INSTRUCTION IN ITALIAN.
MR. LUIGI MONTI, Instructor in Italian at Harvard University, will give private lessons in the city.
Address at the Winthrop House Oct 7 3m

MR. THOMAS RYAN
Begg leave to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and is prepared to give instruction on the PIANO, FLUTE, CLARINET, VIOLIN, and also in THOROUGH BASS. Applications may be made at his residence, No. 19 Franklin Street, or at Richardson's music store. Sept 16

WILLIAM SCHULTZE.
Of the late GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, proposes to remain in Boston, and to give instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the THEORY of Music.
Address—No. 45 Harrison Avenue, or at any of the music stores. Sept 16

Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office,

**MODEL MELODEONS
MANUFACTURED BY
MASON & HAMLIN.**

THE attention of the musical public is invited to the newly improved MODEL MELODEONS made by us. We believe them to be unsurpassed, in all the essential points pertaining to a good instrument, especially in regard to

Equality, Power, Sweetness of Tone, Promptness of Action and Style of Finish.

Our prices vary from \$90 to \$175, according to the size and style of the instrument. Recommendations from LOWELL MASON, WM. B. BRADBURY, GEORGE F. ROOT, L. H. SOUTHARD, EDWIN BRUCE, SILAS A. BANCROFT, and many other distinguished musicians, may be seen at our ware-rooms.

The opinions of the above gentlemen give them a decided preference to all other Melodeons.

HENRY MASON. } MASON & HAMLIN,
EMMONS HAMLIN. } Cambridge St. (cor. of Charles,) Boston, Ma.
Oct 28 6m (Directly in front of the Jail.)

TAYLOR'S PIANO FORTE FOR BEGINNERS.

FIRST STEPS TO THE PIANO FORTE; being an Elementary Catechism for Beginners. By GEORGE T. TAYLOR, Teacher of the Piano Forte, Harp and Violin. Price 75 cents. Usual deduction to the trade. For sale by F. J. HUNTINGTON, 23 Park Row, New York. WM. D. SULLIVAN, Madison, Ga.

**MANUEL FENOLLOSA,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.**
MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.
Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, Geo. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILVER, Salem.

**CARL HAUSE,
PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,**
OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. P. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 6 Franklin Place. Feb. 18.

PRINCE & CO.'S MELODEONS,
Of every variety, from \$45 to \$150, suitable for the parlor, lecture-room, lodge-room, or small church. Believing them to be better in tone, more durable, and better finished than those of any other make, they have accepted the agency, and keep for sale only those manufactured by Prince & Co.

G. P. REED & Co.
13 Tremont St., opposite the Museum,
Sole Agents for Prince & Co.'s Melodeons.
Sept. 2

**ANDREAS T. THORUP,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE**
Residence, 84 Pinckney Street.
Sept 16

**ADOLPH BAUMBACH,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE**
Application can be made at Reed's Music-Store, or at the Norfolk House, Roxbury. Sept 9

**H. S. CUTLER,
Organist and Teacher of Music,
MUSIC ROOM UNDER CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.**
Terms \$30.—Address care of Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington St. Sept 9

**G. A. SCHMITT,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**
May be addressed at Mr. O. DITSON'S, 115 Washington St., or Mr. N. RICHARDSON'S, 282 Washington St.

**R. GARBETT,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,**
Informs his friends and the public, that, having returned from Europe, he is prepared to give instruction on the Organ, Piano Forte, Violin, Violoncello, and Contra-Basso: also in Composition and Arrangement. Organs and Piano-Fortes tuned. Music arranged and transposed to order.
Residence, No. 36 Shawmut Avenue. Sept 23 2m

**MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,
TEACHER OF THE
PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,**
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c.

**J. TRENKLE,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**
Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.
No. 21 School St.

